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LITTLE LIBRARY,

FOR YOUNG PERSONS OF VARIOUS AGES.

MRS. LEICESTER'S SCHOOL.

BY CHARLES AND MARY LAMB.

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—— FLOWERS FOR CHILDREN: No
years old.
—— FLOWERS FOR CHILDREN: I
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—— THE TURTLE DOVE OF CARD
—— THE FAVORITE SCHOLAR; L
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THE BIRDS. Designed f
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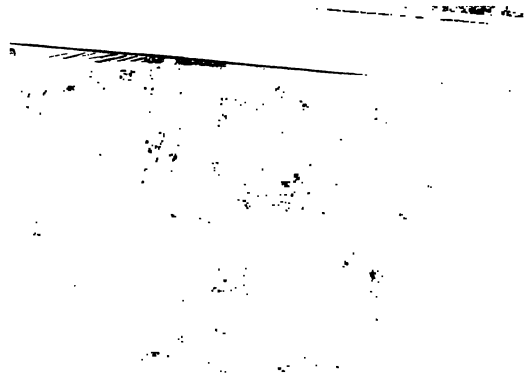

MRS. LEICESTER'S SCHOOL.

THE HISTORIES OF

SEVERAL YOUNG LADIES,

Related by Themselves.

BY CHARLES AND MARY LAMB.

A NEW EDITION, REVISED.

NEW YORK:
C. S. FRANCIS & CO., 252 BROADWAY.
BOSTON: CROSBY, NICHOLS & CO.
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* These Tales are by Charles Lamb.

INTRODUCTION.

TO THE YOUNG LADIES AT AMWELL SCHOOL.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,

Though released from the business of the school, the absence of your Governess confines me to Amwell during the vacation. I cannot better employ my leisure hours than in contributing to the amusement of you, my kind Pupils, who, by your affectionate attention to my instructions, have rendered a life of labour pleasant to me.

On your return to school, I hope to have a fair copy ready to present to each of you, of your own biographical conversations last winter.

Accept my thanks for the approbation you

by familiar pen, as you
each day during those co
ranged my materials aft
to rest.

I begin from the da
menced. It was opened
for the first time, on
February. I pass over y
on the morning of that d
ess received you from y
own parlour.

Every carriage that dr
knew had left a sad he
eyes were red with we
Governess introduced n
teacher she had engage
She next desired me to

they enter the school-room to-morrow morning."

The traces of tears were on every cheek, and I also was sad; for I, like you, had parted from my friends, and the duties of my profession were new to me; yet I felt that it was improper to give way to my own melancholy thoughts. I knew that it was my first duty to divert the solitary young strangers; for I considered that this was very unlike the entrance to an old established school, where there is always some good-natured girl who will show attentions to a new scholar, and take pleasure in initiating her into the customs and amusements of the place. These, thought I, have their own amusements to invent, their own customs to establish. How unlike, too, is this forlorn meeting to old school-fellows returning after the holidays, when mutual greetings soon lighten the memory of parting sorrow!

I invited you to draw near a bright fire which blazed in the chimney, and looked the only cheerful thing in the room.

During our first solemn silence,—which,

you may remember, was only broken by n
repeated requests that you would make
smaller and still smaller circle, till I saw t
fire-place fairly enclosed round,—the id
came into my mind which has since been
source of amusement to you in the recolle
tion, and to myself in particular has been
essential benefit, as it enabled me to form
just estimate of the dispositions of you, n
young Pupils, and assisted me to adopt n
plan of future instructions to each individu
temper.

An introduction to a point we wish
carry we always feel to be an awkwa
affair, and generally execute it in an awkwa
manner; so I believe I did then; for wh
I imparted this idea to you, I think I prefac
it rather too formally for such young auditor
for I began with telling you, that I had re
in old authors, that it was not unfrequent
former times, when strangers were assemble
together, as we might be, for them to amu
themselves with telling stories, either c
their own lives, or the adventures of other
"Will you allow me, Ladies," I continue

"to persuade you to amuse yourselves in this way? You will not then look so unsociably upon each other; for we find that these strangers, of whom we read, were as well acquainted before the conclusion of the first story, as if they had known each other many years. Let me prevail upon you to relate some little anecdotes of your own lives. Fictitious tales we can read in books, and they were therefore better adapted to conversation in those times when books of amusement were more scarce than they are at present."

After many objections of not knowing what to say or how to begin,—which I overcame by assuring you how easy it would be, for that every person is naturally eloquent when they are the hero or heroine of their own tale,—the *Who should begin?* was next in question.

I proposed to draw lots, which formed a little amusement of itself. Miss Manners, who till then had been the saddest of the sad, began to brighten, and said it was just like drawing king and queen, and began to

tell us where she passed last twelfth-day; but as her narration must have interfered with the more important business of the lottery, I advised her to postpone it, till it came to her turn to favour us with the history of her life, when it would appear in its proper order. The first number fell to the share of Miss Villiers, whose joy at drawing what we called the *first prize* was tempered with shame, at appearing as the first historian in the company. She wished she had not been the very first; she had passed all her life in a retired village, and had nothing to relate of herself that could give the least entertainment; she had not the least idea in the world where to begin.

"Begin," said I, "with your name, for that at present is unknown to us. Tell us the first thing you can remember; relate whatever happened to make a great impression on you when you were very young; and if you find you can connect your story till your arrival here to-day, I am sure we shall listen to you with pleasure; and if you *like to* break off, and only treat us with a

part of your history, we will excuse you, with many thanks for the amusement which you have afforded us; and the young lady who has drawn the second number will, I hope, take her turn, with the same indulgence, to relate either all, or any part of the events of her life, as best pleases her own fancy, or as she finds she can manage it with the most ease to herself." Encouraged by this offer of indulgence, Miss Villiers began.

If in my report of her story, or in any which follow, I shall appear to make her or you speak an older language than it seems probable that you should use, speaking in your own words, it must be remembered, that what is very proper and becoming when spoken, requires to be arranged with some little difference before it can be set down in writing. Little inaccuracies must be pared away, and the whole must assume a more formal and correct appearance. My own way of thinking, I am sensible, will too often intrude itself; but I have endeavoured to preserve, as exactly as I could, your own

MRS. LEICESTER'S SCHOOL.

ELIZABETH VILLIERS;

OR, THE SAILOR UNCLE.

MY father is the curate of a village church, about five miles from Amwell. I was born in the parsonage-house, which joins the churchyard. The first thing I can remember was my father teaching me the alphabet from the letters on a tombstone that stood at the head of my mother's grave. I used to tap at my father's study-door: I think I now hear him say, "Who is there?—What do you want, little girl?" "Go and see mamma. Go and learn pretty letters." Many times in the day would my father lay aside his books and his papers to lead me to this spot, and make me point to the letters, and then set me to spell syllables and words: in this manner, the epitaph on my mother's tomb being my primer and my spelling-book, I learned to read.

I was one day sitting on a step placed across the churchyard-stile, when a gentleman, passing by, heard me distinctly repeat the letters which formed my mother's name, and then say, *Elizabeth Villiers,* with a firm tone, as if I had performed some great matter. This gentleman was my uncle James, my mother's brother: he was a lieutenant in the navy, and had left England a few weeks after the marriage of my father and mother, and now, returned home from a long sea-voyage, he was coming to visit my mother; no tidings of her decease having reached him, though she had been dead more than a twelvemonth.

When my uncle saw me sitting on the stile, and heard me pronounce my mother's name, he looked earnestly in my face, and began to fancy a resemblance to his sister, and to think I might be her child. I was too intent on my employment to observe him, and went spelling on. "Who has taught you to spell so prettily, my little maid?" said my uncle. "Mamma," I replied; for I had an idea that the words on the tombstone were somehow a part of mamma, and that she had taught me. "And who is mamma?" asked my uncle. "Elizabeth Villiers," I replied; and then my uncle called me his dear little niece, and said he would

go with me to mamma: he took hold of my hand, intending to lead me home, delighted that he had found out who I was, because he imagined it would be such a pleasant surprise to his sister to see her little daughter bringing home her long-lost sailor uncle.

I agreed to take him to mamma, but we had a dispute about the way thither. My uncle was for going along the road which led directly up to our house: I pointed to the churchyard, and said, that was the way to mamma. Though impatient of any delay, he was not willing to contest the point with his new relation; therefore he lifted me over the stile, and was then going to take me along the path to a gate he knew was at the end of our garden; but no, I would not go that way neither; letting go his hand, I said, "You do not know the way—I will show you:" and making what haste I could among the long grass and thistles, and jumping over the low graves, he said, as he followed what he called my *wayward steps*, "What a positive soul this little niece of mine is! I knew the way to your mother's house before you were born, child." At last I stopped at my mother's grave, and pointing to the tombstone, said, "Here is mamma!" in a voice of exultation, as if I had now convinced him that I knew the way best.

followed. I remember I p
cried, "Sir, sir!" and trie
knew not what to do: r
strange confusion: I tho
something wrong, in bring
to mamma to make him
what it was I could not
had always been a scene
In the house my father
weary of my prattle, and s
but here he was all my o
any thing, and be as frolic
here; all was cheerfulness
in our visits to mamma, as
father would tell me hov
slept there, and that he an
would one day sleep besid
grave; and when I went
my little head on the pillo
I was sleeping in the

and my head resting upon the elbow
father.
w long my uncle remained in this agony
f, I know not: to me it seemed a very
ime: at last he took me in his arms,
eld me so tight that I began to cry,
an home to my father, and told him
gentleman was crying about mamma's
letters.
doubt it was a very affecting meeting
en my father and my uncle. I re-
er that it was the very first day I ever
ıy father weep: that I was in sad
e, and went into the kitchen and told
, our servant, that papa was crying;
ıe wanted to keep me with her, that I
not disturb the conversation; but I
go back to the parlour to *poor papa,*
went in softly, and crept between my
's knees. My uncle offered to take me
arms, but I turned sullenly from him,
lung closer to my father, having con-
l a dislike to my uncle, because he
ıade my father cry.
w I first learned that my mother's
was a heavy affliction; for I heard my
tell a melancholy story of her long
ı, her death, and what he had suffered
her loss. My uncle said, what a sad
it was for my father to be left with

but for —
How I could be any comfo
struck me with wonder. I knew
when he played and talked
thought that was all goodne
done to me, and I had no noti
make any part of his happir
row I now heard he had suffe
nd strange to me. I had
had ever been unhappy; his v
kind and cheerful; I had ne
him weep, or show any such
as those in which I used to e
troubles. My thoughts on
were confused and childish
time I never ceased ponde
story of my dead mamma.

The next day I went, h
the study-door, to call pa
grave; my mind misgave
at the door. I we

uncle tried to persuade me, but still I
, "No, no," and ran crying into the
hen. As he followed me in there, Susan
, "This child is so fretful to-day, I do
know what to do with her." "Ay," said
uncle, "I suppose my poor brother spoils
having but one." This reflection on my
a made me quite in a little passion of
er, for I had not forgot that with this
· uncle sorrow had first come into our
lling: I screamed loudly till my father
e out to know what it was all about.
sent my uncle into the parlour, and said
would manage the little wrangler by him-

When my uncle was gone I ceased
ng; my father forgot to lecture me for
ill-humour, or to inquire into the cause,
we were soon seated by the side of the
bstone. No lesson went on that day;
alking of pretty mamma sleeping in the
n grave; no jumping from the tomb-
ie to the ground; no merry jokes or
sant stories. I sat upon my father's
e, looking up in his face, and thinking,
ow sorry papa looks," till, having been
gued with crying, and now oppressed
i thought, I fell fast asleep.

ly uncle soon learned from Susan that
place was our constant haunt; she told
she did verily believe her master would

soothe his grief, it kept it
his memory. The sight of
had been such a shock to n
readily entered into Susan'
and concluding, that if I w
by some other means, there
be a pretence for these visi
away my kind uncle hasten
market-town to buy me som

I heard the conference be
and Susan, and I did not
interfering in our pleasure.
his hat and walk out, and I
he was gone *beyond seas agai*
Susan had told me he had cc
yond seas was I could not t
cluded it was somewhere a g
took my seat on the churc
kept looking down the road,
hope I shall not see

very sorry to see him, and I frowned, and tried to look very cross. He untied his parcel, and said, "Betsy, I have brought you a pretty book." I turned my head away, and said, "I don't want a book;" but I could not help peeping again to look at it. In the hurry of opening the parcel, he had scattered all the books upon the ground, and there I saw fine gilt covers and gay pictures all fluttering about. What a fine sight! All my resentment vanished, and I held up my face to kiss him, that being my way of thanking my father for any extraordinary favour.

My uncle had brought himself into rather a troublesome office; he had heard me spell so well, that he thought there was nothing to do but to put books into my hand, and I should read; yet, notwithstanding I spelt tolerably well, the letters in my new library were so much smaller than I had been accustomed to, they were like Greek characters to me; I could make nothing at all of them. The honest sailor was not to be discouraged by this difficulty; though unused to play the schoolmaster, he taught me to read the small print with unwearied diligence and patience; and whenever he saw my father and me look as if we wanted to resume our visit to the grave, he would propose some pleasant ramble; and if my father

dom forgot to make Susan f
a luncheon, which, though i
pened every day, made a c
to my papa and me, when, se
shady tree, he pulled it ou
and began to distribute his l
then I used to peep into th
to see if there were not son
there, and the little bottle of
if, perchance, the water was
made another joke,—that p
be forced to drink a little
These are childish things to
stead of my own silly history
remember the entertaining s
used to relate of his voyag
while we sat under the sha
our noontide meal.

The long visit my uncle m

ing stories of my uncle's adventures made them seem like years to me; I remember the approach of winter by the warm great-coat he bought for me, and how proud I was when I first put it on; and that he called me Little Red Riding Hood, and bade me beware of wolves, and that I laughed, and said there were no such things now; then he told me how many wolves, and bears, and tigers, and lions, he had met with in uninhabited lands, that were like Robinson Crusoe's island. Oh, these were happy days!

In the winter our walks were shorter and less frequent. My books were now my chief amusement, though my studies were often interrupted by a game of romps with my uncle, which too often ended in a quarrel, because he played so roughly; yet long before this I dearly loved my uncle, and the improvement I made while he was with us was very great indeed. I could now read very well, and the continual habit of listening to the conversation of my father and my uncle made me a little woman in understanding; so that my father said to him, "James, you have made my child quite a companionable little being."

My father often left me alone with my uncle; sometimes to write his sermons; sometimes to visit the sick, or give counsel

happy, and endeavour
when he was gone. Nov
understand why he had
keep my father from vi
grave, that grave which
vately to look at, but n
awe and reverence, for m
me what an excellent lad
and I now thought of he
real mamma, which befor
something, no way connec
he told me that the ladies
house, who sat in the best
were not so graceful, and
the village were not so g
mamma; and that if she h
not have been forced to
knowledge from him, a r
learn to knit and sew of S
would have taught me

these lessons of my rough, unpolished uncle; for, in telling me what my mother would have made me, he taught me what to wish to be: and when, soon after my uncle left us, I was introduced to the ladies at the Manor-house, instead of hanging down my head with shame, as I should have done before my uncle came, like a little village rustic, I tried to speak distinctly, with ease, and a modest gentleness, as my uncle had said my mother used to do; instead of hanging down my head abashed, I looked upon them, and thought what a pretty sight a fine lady was, and how well my mother must have appeared, since she was so much more graceful than these high ladies were; and when I heard them compliment my father on the admirable behaviour of his child, and say how well he had brought me up, I thought to myself, "Papa does not much mind my manners, if I am but a good girl; but it was my uncle that taught me to behave like mamma." I cannot now think my uncle was so rough and unpolished as he said he was; for his lessons were so good and so impressive, that I shall never forget them, and I hope they will be of use to me as long as I live: he would explain to me the meaning of all the words he used, such as grace and elegance, modest diffidence and affectation, pointing out

instances of what he meant by those words in the manners of the ladies and their young daughters who came to our church; for, besides the ladies of the Manor-house, many of the neighbouring families came to our church, because my father preached so well.

It must have been early in the spring when my uncle went away, for the crocuses were just blown in the garden, and the primroses had begun to peep from under the young budding hedge-rows. I cried as if my heart would break, when I had the last sight of him through a little opening among the trees, as he went down the road. My father accompanied him to the market-town, from whence he was to proceed in the stage-coach to London. How tedious I thought all Susan's endeavours to comfort me were. The stile where I first saw my uncle came into my mind, and I thought I would go and sit there, and think about that day; but I was no sooner seated there, than I remembered how I had frightened him by taking him so foolishly to my mother's grave, and then again how naughty I had been when I sat muttering to myself at this same stile, wishing that he, who had gone so far to buy me books, might never come back any more: all my little quarrels with my uncle came *into my mind*, and now that I could never

play with him again, and it almost broke my heart. I was forced to run into the house to Susan for that consolation I had just before despised.

Some days after this, as I was sitting by the fire with my father, after it was dark, and before the candles were lighted, I gave him an account of my troubled conscience at the church-stile, when I remembered how unkind I had been to my uncle when he first came, and how sorry I still was whenever I thought of the many quarrels I had had with him.

My father smiled, and took hold of my hand, saying, "I will tell you all about this, my little penitent. This is the sort of way in which we all feel, when those we love are taken from us. When our dear friends are with us, we go on enjoying their society, without much thought or consideration of the blessing we are possessed of, nor do we too nicely weigh the measure of our daily actions —we let them freely share our kind or our discontented moods; and, if any little bickerings disturb our friendship, it does but the more endear us to each other when we are in a happier temper. But these things come over us like grievous faults when the object of our affection is gone for ever. Your dear mamma and I had no quarrels; yet, in the

could do to please your uncl
did he love you; and these
which now disturb your tende
remembered with delight by y
was telling me in our last walk,
as you were thinking about it
of the difficulty he had in getti
good graces when he first came;
of these things with pleasure w
away. Put away from you th
grief; only let it be a lesson to
kind as possible to those you l
member, when they are gone fr
will never think you had been
Such feelings as you have now
the lot of humanity. So you w
I am no more, and so will your
when you are dead. But —

thought fit to break off your story; and the wet eyes of your young auditors seemed to confess that you had succeeded in moving their feelings with your pretty narrative. It now fell by lot to the turn of Miss Manners to relate her story; and we were all sufficiently curious to know what so very young an historian had to tell of herself.—I shall continue the narratives for the future in the order in which they followed, without mentioning any of the interruptions which occurred from the asking of questions, or from any other cause, unless materially connected with the stories. I shall also leave out the apologies with which you severally thought fit to preface your stories of yourselves, though they were very seasonable in their place, and proceeded from a proper diffidence; because I must not swell my work to too large a

LOUISA MANNERS;

OR, THE FARM HOUSE.

MY name is Louisa Manners; I was seven years of age last birthday, which was on the first of May. I remember only four birthdays. The day I was four years old was the first that I recollect. On the morning of that day, as soon as I awoke, I crept into mamma's bed, and said, "Open your eyes, mamma, for it is my birthday. Open your eyes, and look at me!" Then mamma told me I should ride in a post-chaise, and see my grandmamma and my sister Sarah. Grandmamma lived at a farm-house in the country, and I had never in all my life been out of London; no, nor had I ever seen a bit of green grass, except in the Draper's Garden, which is near my papa's house in Broad Street; nor had I ever rode in a carriage before that happy birthday.

I ran about the house talking of where I was going, and rejoicing so that it was my birthday, that when I got into the chaise I *was tired,* and fell asleep.

When I awoke, I saw the green fields on both sides of the chaise, and the fields were full, quite full, of bright shining yellow flowers, and sheep and young lambs were feeding in them. I jumped, and clapped my hands together for joy, and I cried out, "This is

"Abroad in the meadows to see the young lambs,"

for I knew many of Watts's hymns by heart.

The trees and hedges seemed to fly swiftly by us, and one field, and the sheep, and the young lambs passed away; and then another field came, and that was full of cows; and then another field, and all the pretty sheep returned; and there was no end of these charming sights till we came quite to grandmamma's house, which stood all alone by itself, no house to be seen at all near it.

Grandmamma was very glad to see me, and she was very sorry that I did not remember her, though I had been so fond of her when she was in town but a few months before. I was quite ashamed of my bad memory. My sister Sarah showed me all the beautiful places about grandmamma's house. She first took me into the farm-yard, and I peeped into the barn; there I saw a man threshing, and as he beat the corn with

back and peeped at him
could not reconcile myse
his flail, or the sight of h
proceeded to see the rest

There was no end to
Sarah had to show me. T
where the ducks were s
little wooden houses whe
night. The hens were f
yard, and the prettiest l
were feeding too, and litt
that had a hen for thei
so frightened if they we
Grandmamma says a her
very wise bird.

We went out of the
orchard. Oh, what a s
mamma's orchard is! Th
and apple-trees, and cher
som. These blossoms

I filled my lap with flowers, I filled my bosom with flowers, and I carried as many flowers as I could in both my hands; but as I was going into the parlour to show them to my mamma, I stumbled over a threshold which was placed across the parlour, and down I fell with all my treasure.

Nothing could have so well pacified me for the misfortune of my falling flowers, as the sight of a delicious syllabub which happened at that moment to be brought in. Grandmamma said it was a present from the red cow to me, because it was my birthday; and then, because it was the first of May, she ordered the syllabub to be placed under the May-bush that grew before the parlour-door; and when we were seated on the grass round it, she helped me the very first to a large glass full of the syllabub, and wished me many happy returns of that day, and then she said I was myself the sweetest little May-blossom in the orchard.

After the syllabub, there was the garden to see, and a most beautiful garden it was; long and narrow, a straight gravel-walk down the middle of it; at the end of the gravel-walk there was a green arbour with a bench under it.

There were rows of cabbages and radishes, and peas and beans. I was delighted to see

sung so prettily.

Mamma said, "Have you not to these pretty bees, Louisa?" to them,

"How doth the little busy bee improve eac
And gather honey all the day from every

They had a most beautiful fl gather it from, quite close under

I was going to catch one b told me about their stings, whi afraid for a long time to go to hives; but I went a little neare nearer every day, and before I from grandmamma's, I grew s Will Tasker hold me over the g at the top of the hives, to see honey in their own home.

After seeing the garden, I s

month or two, and fetch me home. I was a foolish little thing then, and did not know how long a month was. Grandmamma gave me a little basket to gather my flowers in. I went into the orchard, and before I had half filled my basket, I forgot all my troubles.

The time I passed at my grandmamma's is always in my mind. Sometimes I think of the good-natured pied cow, that would let me stroke her while the dairy-maid was milking her. Then I fancy myself running after the dairy-maid into the nice clean dairy, and see the pans full of milk and cream. Then I remember the wood-house; it had once been a large barn, but being grown old, the wood was kept there. My sister and I used to peep about among the faggots, to find the eggs the hens sometimes left there. Birds' nests we might not look for. Grandmamma was very angry once, when Will Tasker brought home a bird's nest, full of pretty speckled eggs, for me. She sent him back to the hedge with it again. She said the little birds would not sing any more, if their eggs were taken away from them.

A hen, she said, was a hospitable bird, and always laid more eggs than she wanted, on purpose to give her mistress, to make puddings and custards with.

I do not know which pleased grandmamma

search very carefully for them ev
round by the orchard hedge, an
to carry a stick in her hand to b
nettles; for very frequently t
their eggs among the nettles.
find eggs and violets too, what ha
we were!

Every day I used to fill my
flowers, and for a long time I lik
flower as well as another pretty
Sarah was much wiser than I, a
me which to prefer.

Grandmamma's violets were
of all, but they never went in
being carried home, almost flow
as soon as they were found; th
bells might be said to be the
cowslips were all withered and
learned the true value of flowe
blue-bells were those tinged wit

I would pick one now and then, because I knew they were the very same flowers that had delighted me so in the journey; for my papa had told me they were.

I was very careful to love best the flowers which Sarah praised most; yet sometimes, I confess, I have even picked a daisy, though I knew it was the very worst flower of all, because it reminded me of London, and the Drapers' Garden; for, happy as I was at grandmamma's, I could not help sometimes thinking of my papa and mamma, and then I used to tell my sister all about London; how the houses stood all close to each other; what a pretty noise the coaches made; and what a great many people there were in the streets. After we had been talking on these subjects, we generally used to go into the old wood-house, and play at being in London. We used to set up bits of wood for houses; our two dolls we called papa and mamma; in one corner we made a little garden with grass and daisies, and that was to be the Drapers' Garden. I would not have any other flowers here than daisies, because no other grew among the grass in the real Drapers' Garden. Before the time of hay-making came, it was very much talked of. Sarah told me what a merry time it would be, for she remembered every thing which

To be sure, nothing could be
than the day the orchard was
hay smelled so sweet, and we
about as much as ever we pleas
me, we often wish for things tha
so happy as we expected; th
was at first so green, and smel
became yellow and dry, and was
in a cart to feed the horses; an
it was all gone, and there wa
play with, I looked upon the n
and perceived what we had lost
merry days. Ladies, would yo
every flower—blue-bells, daffo
cups, daisies, all were cut off
scythe of the mower. No flow
seen at all, except here and th
solitary daisy, that a week befo
not have looked at.

turn red, and, as we never disobeyed grandmamma, we used often to consult together, if it was likely she would permit us to eat them yet; then we would pick a few that looked the ripest, and run to ask her if she thought they were ripe enough to eat; and the uncertainty what her opinion would be, made them doubly sweet if she gave us leave to eat them.

When the currants and gooseberries were quite ripe, grandmamma had a sheep-shearing. All the sheep stood under the trees to be sheared. They were brought out of the field by Old Spot, the shepherd. I stood at the orchard-gate, and saw him drive them all in. When they had cropped off all their wool, they looked very clean, and white, and pretty; but, poor things, they ran shivering about with cold, so that it was a pity to see them. Great preparations were making all day for the sheep-shearing supper. Sarah said a sheep-shearing was not to be compared to a harvest-home, *that* was so much better, for that then the oven was quite full of plum-pudding, and the kitchen was very hot indeed with roasting beef; yet I can assure you there was no want at all of either roast-beef or plum-pudding at the sheep-shearing.

My sister and I were permitted to sit up

till it was almost dark, to see the company at supper. They sat at a long oak-table, which was finely carved, and as bright as a looking-glass.

I obtained a great deal of praise that day, because I replied so prettily when I was spoken to. My sister was more shy than I; never having lived in London was the reason of that. After the happiest day, bed-time will come! We sat up late; but at last grandmamma sent us to bed: yet though we went to bed, we heard many charming songs sung; to be sure, we could not distinguish the words, which was a pity, but the sound of their voices was very loud, and very fine indeed.

The common supper that we had every night was very cheerful. Just before the men came out of the field, a large fagot was flung on the fire; the wood used to crackle and blaze, and smell delightfully; and then the crickets, for they loved the fire, they used to sing; and Old Spot, the shepherd, who loved the fire as well as the crickets did, he used to take his place in the chimney corner; after the hottest day in summer, there Old Spot used to sit. It was a seat within the fire-place, quite under the chimney, and over his head the bacon hung.

When Old Spot was seated, the milk was

hung in a skillet over the fire, and then the men used to come and sit down at the long white table.

Pardon me, my dear Louisa, that I interrupted you here. You are a little woman now to what you were then; and I may say to you, that though I loved to hear you prattle of your early recollections, I thought I perceived some ladies present were rather weary of hearing so much of the visit to grandmamma. You may remember I asked you some questions concerning your papa and mamma, which led you to speak of your journey home: but your little town-bred head was so full of the pleasures of a country life, that you first made many apologies that you were unable to tell what happened during the harvest, as unfortunately you were fetched home the very day before it began.

MY name you know is \
once thought I was tl
Edward and Lady Harrie
speak of myself as Miss L
Edward and Lady Harrie
mother during the period
entitled to those beloved
was a little girl, it was the
of my contemplation, that
and the daughter of a ba
mother was the Honourabl
that we had a nobler mansio
pleasure-grounds, and equip
did than any of the neigh
Indeed, my good friends, I
nothing of this error of m
the lives which

"Oh, my dear friend," said Miss ——, "it was very natural indeed, if you supposed you possessed these advantages. We make no comparative figure in the county, and my father was originally a man of no consideration at all; and yet I can assure you, both he and mamma had a prodigious deal of trouble to break me of this infirmity when I was very young."—"And do reflect for a moment," said Miss Villiers; "from whence could proceed any pride in me—a poor curate's daughter?—at least any pride worth speaking of; for the difficulty my father had to make me feel myself on an equality with a miller's little daughter who visited me, did not seem an anecdote worth relating. My father, from his profession, is accustomed to look into these things, and whenever he has observed any tendency to this fault in me, and has made me sensible of my error, I, who am rather a weak-spirited girl, have been so much distressed at his reproofs, that to restore me to my own good opinion, he would make me sensible that pride is a defect inseparable from human nature; showing me, in our visits to the poorest labourers, how pride would, as he expressed it, 'prettily peep out from under their ragged garbs.' My father dearly loved the poor. In persons of a superior rank to our own humble one, I

he observed I was less willir
to the former instances. '
holy writ,' he would say, 'th
a camel to go through the e
than for a rich man to enter i
of heaven. Surely this is
to warn the affluent; it mus
stood as an expressive illu
struct the lowly-fortuned ma
bear with those imperfectic
from that dangerous prospe
he is happily exempt.' But
rupt your story."

"You are very kind, ladie
so much indulgence of my f
Withers, and was going tc
little Louisa Manners asked
equipages carriages?" "Ye
an equipage is a carriage." '

Miss Withers, "Your young head might well run on a thing so new to you; but you have preached a useful lesson to me in your own pretty rambling story, which I shall not easily forget. When you were speaking with such delight of the pleasure the sight of a farm-yard, an orchard, and a narrow slip of kitchen-garden, gave you, and could for years preserve so lively the memory of one short ride, and that probably through a flat, uninteresting country, I remembered how early I learned to disregard the face of Nature, unless she were decked in picturesque scenery; how wearisome our parks and grounds became to me, unless some improvements were going forward which I thought would attract notice; but those days are gone!—I will now proceed in my story, and bring you acquainted with my real parents.

Alas! I am a changeling, substituted by my mother for the heiress of the Lesley family: it was for my sake she did this naughty deed; yet, since the truth has been known, it seems to me as if I had been the only sufferer by it; remembering no time when I was not Harriet Lesley, it seems as if the change had taken from me my birthright.

Lady Harriet had intended to nurse her child herself; but being seized with a violent

a servant in the family—he
then at sea.

She had been nursing Mi
days, when a girl who had
brought me into the nurs
mother. It happened th
something from her own h
despatched the girl to fetch,
to leave me till her return.
she changed our clothes: t
to personate the child she w
sent away the daughter of S
brought up in her own poor

When my mother sent aw
affirmed she had not the le
committing this bad action
was left alone with us, she
and then on the little lad
wept over me, to think she

only just to see how pretty her own dear baby would look in missy's fine clothes. When she saw me thus adorned, she said to me, "Oh, my dear Ann, you look as like missy as any thing can be. I am sure my lady herself, if she were well enough to see you, would not know the difference." She said these words aloud; and while she was speaking, a wicked thought came into her head—How easy it would be to change these children! On which she hastily dressed Harriet in my coarse raiment. She had no sooner finished the transformation of Miss Lesley into the poor Ann Withers, than the girl returned, and carried her away, without the least suspicion that it was not the same infant that she had brought thither.

It was wonderful that no one discovered that I was not the same child. Every fresh face that came into the room filled the nurse with terror. The servants still continued to pay their compliments to the baby in the same form as usual, crying, "How like it is to its papa!" Nor did Sir Edward himself perceive the difference, his lady's illness probably engrossing all his attention at the time; though, indeed, gentlemen seldom take much notice of very young children.

When Lady Harriet began to recover, and *the nurse saw* me in her arms caressed as her

own child, all fears of detection were over; but the pangs of remorse then seized her: as the dear sick lady hung with tears of fondness over me, she thought she should have died with sorrow, for having so cruelly deceived her.

When I was a year old, Mrs. Withers was discharged; and because she had been observed to nurse me with uncommon care and affection, and was seen to shed many tears at parting from me, to reward her fidelity Sir Edward settled a small pension on her, and she was allowed to come every Sunday to dine in the housekeeper's room, and see her little lady.

When she went home, it might have been expected she would have neglected the child she had so wickedly stolen; instead of which she nursed it with the greatest tenderness, being very sorry for what she had done; all the ease she could ever find for her troubled conscience was in her extreme care of this injured child; and in the weekly visits to its father's house she constantly brought it with her. At the time I have the earliest recollection of her, she was become a widow, and with the pension Sir Edward allowed her, and some plain work she did for our family, she maintained herself and her supposed daughter. The doting fondness she showed

or her child was much talked of; it was said he waited upon it more like a servant than a mother; and it was observed, its clothes were always made, as far as her slender means would permit, in the same fashion, and her hair cut and curled in the same form, as mine. To this person, as having been my faithful nurse, and to her child, I was always taught to show particular civility; and the little girl was always brought into the nursery to play with me. Ann was a little delicate thing, and remarkably well-behaved; for though so much indulged in every other respect, my mother was very attentive to her manners.

As the child grew older, my mother became very uneasy about her education. She was so very desirous of having her well-behaved, that she feared to send her to school, lest she should learn ill manners among the village children, with whom she never suffered her to play; and she was such a poor scholar herself, that she could teach her little or nothing. I heard her relate this her distress to my own maid, with tears in her eyes, and I formed a resolution to beg of my parents that I might have Ann for a companion, and that she might be allowed to take lessons with me of my governess.

My birthday was then approaching, and

entered the breakfast-room on
of my birthday. Then I told
great anxiety expressed by n
concerning her daughter; ho
wished it was in her power tc
education that would enable h
living without hard labour. I
qualities of Ann Withers in th
could, and in conclusion, I beg
be permitted to partake with me
and become my companion. "'
serious request indeed, Harri
Edward; "your mother and I
together on the subject." The
conversation was favourable t
in a few weeks my foster-siste
into the house, and placed unde
of my governess.

To me, who had hitherto l

very fond of her, and took pleasure in showing her all manner of attentions; which so far won on her affections, that she told me she had a secret intrusted to her by her mother, which she had promised never to reveal as long as her mother lived, but that she almost wished to confide it to me, because I was such a kind friend to her; yet, having promised never to tell it till the death of her mother, she was afraid to tell it to me. At first I assured her that I would never press her to the disclosure, for that promises of secrecy were to be held sacred; but whenever we fell into any confidential kind of conversation, this secret seemed always ready to come out. Whether she or I were most to blame, I know not, though I own I could not help giving frequent hints how well I could keep a secret. At length she told me what I have before related, namely, that she was in truth the daughter of Sir Edward and Lady Lesley, and I the child of her supposed mother.

When I was first in possession of this wonderful secret, my heart burned to reveal it. I thought how praiseworthy it would be in me to restore to my friend the rights of her birth; yet I thought only of becoming her patroness, and raising her to her proper rank; *it never* occurred to me that my own

positively refused. I expl
she should so faithfully ke
an unworthy woman, who i
done her such an injury.

"Oh," said she, "you d
much she loves me, or you
that I never resent that.
grieve and be so very sorry
that I would not bring her
for any good that could h
She has often told me, that
changed us, she has never
to have a happy moment
returned home from nurs
me very thin and sickly, ho
her for what she had don
nursed and fed me with su
that she grew much fonder
had been her own; and tha
when she used to bring me

has desired me to disclose this after her death, but I do not believe I shall ever mention it then, for I should be sorry to bring any reproach even on her memory."

In a short time after this important discovery, Ann was sent home to pass a few weeks with her mother, on the occasion of the unexpected arrival of some visitors to our house; they were to bring children with them, and these I was to consider as my own guests.

In the expected arrival of my young visitants, and in making preparations to entertain them, I had little leisure to deliberate on what conduct I should pursue with regard to my friend's secret. Something must be done, I thought, to make her amends for the injury she had sustained, and I resolved to consider the matter attentively on her return. Still my mind ran on conferring favours. I never considered myself as transformed into the dependent person. Indeed, Sir Edward at this time set me about a task which occupied the whole of my attention; he proposed that I should write a little interlude, after the manner of the French *Petites Pièces;* and to try my ingenuity, no one was to see it before the representation, except the performers, myself, and my little friends, who, as they were all younger than I, could not be ex-

them in such several par-
self of so much importanc
my pride had somewhat
difference of our rank left
petition; all was compla
humour on my part, and
tude, tempered with respe
here I had full room to
affect those graces, to imit
of manners, practised by
their mothers. I was to
tress in action and in atti
ceive their praises and th
my theatrical genius. It
of triumph for me, and I n
to be in the very height of

If the plot of my piece,
of which they so highly
been indeed my own, all
well: but unhappily I

My father presented me with a beautiful writing-desk for the use of my new authorship; my silver standish was placed upon it; a quire of gilt paper was before me. I took out a parcel of my best crow-quills, and down I sat in the greatest form imaginable.

I conjecture I have no talent for invention; certain it is, that when I sat down to compose my piece, no story would come into my head but the story which Ann had so lately related to me. Many sheets were scrawled over in vain; I could think of nothing else; still the babies and the nurse were before me in all the minutiæ of description Ann had given them. The costly attire of the lady-babe—the homely garb of the cottage-infant—the affecting address of the fond mother to her own offspring—then the charming *équivoque* in the change of the children: it all looked so dramatic:—it was a play ready made to my hands. The invalid mother would form the pathetic, the silly exclamations of the servants the ludicrous, and the nurse was nature itself. It is true, I had a few scruples that it might, should it come to the knowledge of Ann, be construed into something very like a breach of confidence. But she was at home, and might never happen to hear of the subject of my piece; and if she did, *why* it was only making some hand-

whom I had
was not necessary to be so ve
bout such a trifle.

Thus I reasoned as I wrote
eginning with the title, which I
Changeling," and ending with t
The curtain drops, while the lad
baby in her arms, and the nurse s
I invented no new incident, I si
the story as Ann had told it to
best blank verse I was able to c

By the time it was finished, t
had arrived. The casting the d
was my next care. The Hor
gustus M——, a young gentl
years of age, undertook to pl
He was only to come in and
my little darling to-day? Tl
——'s were to be the serva
only single lines to speak

former: she was to recline on a sofa, and, affecting ill-health, speak some eight or ten lines, which began with—*Oh, that I could my precious baby see!* To her cousin, Miss Emily ——, was given the girl who had the care of the nurse's child; two dolls were to personate the two children; and the principal character of the nurse I had the pleasure to perform myself. It consisted of several speeches, and a very long soliloquy during the changing of the children's clothes.

The elder brother of Augustus, a gentleman of fifteen years of age, who refused to mix in our childish drama, yet condescended to paint the scenes; and our dresses were got up by my own maid.

When we thought ourselves quite perfect in our several parts, we announced it for representation. Sir Edward and Lady Harriet, with their visitors, the parents of my young troop of comedians, honoured us with their presence. The servants were also permitted to go into a music-gallery, which was at the end of a ball-room we had chosen for our theatre.

As author and principal performer, standing before a noble audience, my mind was too much engaged with the arduous task I had undertaken, to glance my eyes towards *the music-gallery*, or I might have seen two

ey had been invited by the
be present at the representati
esley's play.

In the midst of the performar
haracter of the nurse, was deli
rrong child to the girl, there
lamation from the music-gallery
t's all true! it's all true!" Th
lowed by a bustle among the se
screams as of a person in an hyst
Edward came forward to inqui
the matter. He saw it was M
who had fallen into a fit. Ann
over her, and crying out, "O,
you have told all in the play!"

Mrs. Withers was brought
ball-room; there, with tears an
cents, with every sign of terror
she soon made a full confessi

they saw the rightful child restored to its parents, and the nurse overwhelmed with shame, and threatened with the severest punishment.

"Take this woman," said Sir Edward, "and lock her up, till she be delivered into the hands of justice."

Ann, on her knees, implored mercy for her mother. Addressing the children, who were gathered round her, "Dear ladies," said she, "help me, on your knees help me, to beg forgiveness for my mother." Down the young ones all dropped—even Lady Elizabeth bent on her knee. "Sir Edward, pity her distress; Sir Edward, pardon her!" All joined in the petition, except one whose voice ought to have been loudest in the appeal. No word, no accent came from me. I hung over Lady Harriet's chair, weeping as if my heart would break; but I wept for my own fallen fortunes, not for my mother's sorrow.

I thought within myself, "If in the integrity of my heart, refusing to participate in this unjust secret, I had boldly ventured to publish the truth, I might have had some consolation in the praises which so generous an action would have merited: but it is through the vanity of being supposed to have written a pretty story, that I have meanly broken my faith with my friend, and unin-

-- being sent away to confin
horrors of a prison, she was
Edward into the care of th
who had orders from Lady Ha
put to bed and properly att
again this wretched woman ha
fit.

Ann would have followed m
Sir Edward brought her bac
that she should see her when s
He then led her towards Lady
ring her to embrace her chil
and I saw her, as I had phra
play, *clasped in her mother's arn*

This scene had greatly affect
of Lady Harriet; through the
was with difficulty she had be
fainting; and she was now led i
ing-room by the ladies. The g
'owed, talking with Sir Ed...

beth took hold of her hand, and said, "Miss Lesley, will you permit me to conduct you to the drawing-room?"

I was left weeping behind the chair where Lady Harriet had sat, and, as I thought, quite alone. A something had before twitched my frock two or three times, so slightly I had scarcely noticed it: a little head now peeped round, and looking up in my face, said, "She is not Miss Lesley." It was the young Augustus; he had been sitting at my feet, but I had not observed him. He then started up, and taking hold of my hand with one of his, with the other holding fast by my clothes, he led, or rather dragged me, into the midst of the company assembled in the drawing-room. The vehemence of his manner, his little face as red as fire, caught every eye. The ladies smiled, and one gentleman laughed in a most unfeeling manner. His elder brother patted him on the head, and said, "You are a humane little fellow: Elizabeth, we might have thought of this."

Very kind words were now spoken to me by Sir Edward, and he called me Harriet—precious name now grown to me. Lady Harriet kissed me, and said she would never forget how long she had loved me as her child. These were comfortable words: but I heard echoed round the room, "Poor thing,

feel!

"Let the young ladies d
in another room," said Sir
Harriet, take your new siste
help her to entertain your fi
called me Harriet again, an
vented new names for his d
and always called us by the
jest; yet I knew it was
would not hurt me with he
reversed. When Sir Edwa
show the children into ano
and I walked towards the
sense of humiliation arose–
out at the door before Miss
irresolute; she drew back.
ther of my friend Augustu
this perplexity: pushing u
if in a playful mood, he dr

tell you how considerate an old lady was at the time about our dresses. As soon as she perceived things growing very serious, she hastily stripped off the upper garments we wore to represent our different characters. I think I should have died with shame, if the child had led me into the drawing-room in the mummery I had worn to represent a nurse. This good lady was of another essential service to me; for perceiving an irresolution in every one how they should behave to us, which distressed me very much, she contrived to place Miss Lesley above me at table, and called her Miss Lesley and me Miss Withers: saying at the same time in a low voice, but as if she meant I should hear her, "It is better these things should be done at once—then they are over." My heart thanked her, for I felt the truth of what she said.

My poor mother continued very ill for many weeks: no medicine could remove the extreme dejection of spirits she laboured under. Sir Edward sent for the clergyman of the parish to give her religious consolation. Every day he came to visit her, and he would always take Miss Lesley and me into the room with him. I think, Miss Villiers, your father must be just such another man as Dr. Wheelding, our worthy rector; just so I think he would have soothed the troubled

My heart was [illegible]
fortunes, and the sight of
fering mother. I felt that
only parent; I strove, ear
love her; yet ever when
face, she would seem to me
identical person whom I sh
thought sufficiently honour
clination of the head, and
you do, Mrs. Withers?" (
Lesley was hanging over he
tomed fondness, Dr. Wheel
prayer-book, and, as I tho
moment regarding us, I thr
knees, and silently prayed
be able to love my mother.

Dr. Wheelding had been
took me into the garden,
the subject of my petition.
my good young lady," sai

to see her. Perform your duty towards her as well as you possibly can. Affection is the growth of time. With such good wishes in your young heart, do not despair that in due time it will assuredly spring up."

With the approbation of Sir Edward and Lady Harriet, my mother was removed in a few days to Dr. Wheelding's house: there she soon recovered—there she at present resides. She tells me she loves me almost as well as she did when I was a baby, and we both wept at parting when I came to school.

Here, perhaps, I ought to conclude my story, which I fear has been a tedious one; permit me, however, to say a few words concerning the time which elapsed since the discovery of my birth until my arrival here.

It was on the fifth day of ——, that I was known to be Ann Withers, and the daughter of my supposed nurse. The company who were witness to my disgrace departed in a few days, and I felt relieved from some part of the mortification I hourly experienced. For every fresh instance even of kindness or attention I experienced, went to my heart, that I should be forced to feel thankful for it.

Circumstanced as I was, surely I had nothing justly to complain of. The conduct of Sir Edward and Lady Harriet was kind in the extreme, still preserving every appear-

when speaking of them, I ...
titles, to delight to say, "Sir
Harriet did this or this;" r
worlds to say, "My father c

I should be perfectly unl
complain of Miss Lesley—i
the least cause of complaint
my companion, her affectic
tude had been unbounded
was my turn to be the h
tried by every means in h
me think she felt the sam
tude, which in her depende
so naturally displayed.

Only in a few rarely-
does that true attentive ki
that delicacy of feeling,
every trivial thing, is ever
ing watch lest it should
though educated with th

from her, and, dispassionately speaking of it, it seems as if my own soreness of temper had made me fancy things. I really believe now that I was mistaken; but Miss Lesley had been so highly praised for her filial tenderness, I thought at last she seemed to make a parade about it, and used to run up to my mother, and affect to be more glad to see her than she really was after a time; and I think Dr. Wheelding thought so, by a little hint he once dropped. But he too might be mistaken, for he was very partial to me.

I am under the greatest obligation in the world to this good Dr. Wheelding. He has made my mother quite a respectable woman; and I am sure it is owing a great deal to him that she loves me so well as she does.

And here, though it may seem a little out of place, let me stop to assure you, that if I ever could have had any doubt of the sincerity of Miss Lesley's affection towards me, her behaviour on the occasion of my coming here ought completely to efface it. She entreated with many tears, and almost the same energy with which she pleaded for forgiveness for my mother, that I might not be sent away. But she was not alike successful in her supplications.

Miss Lesley had made some progress in reading and writing during the time she was

to this purpose. ...
son was taken under our
her in her labours, and to
music. A drawing-maste
reside in the house.

At this time I was no
ward in my education. M
native of France, I spoke F
ly, and I had made some
I had only had the inst
during the few months in
ly passed in London.

Music I never had th
could scarcely be taugh
defect in me was always
ted by my mother, she
performer herself, both o

have named, every body so eager to instruct her, she so willing to learn—every thing so new and delightful to her, how could it happen otherwise? she in a short time became a little prodigy. What best pleased Lady Harriet was, after she had conquered the first difficulties, she discovered a wonderful talent for music. Here she was her mother's own girl indeed—she had the same sweet-toned voice—the same delicate finger. Her musical governess had little now to do; for as soon as Lady Harriet perceived this excellence in her, she gave up all company, and devoted her whole time to instructing her daughter in this science.

Nothing makes the heart ache with such a hopeless, heavy pain, as envy.

I had felt deeply before, but till now I could not be said to envy Miss Lesley. All day long the notes of the harp or the piano spoke sad sounds to me, of the loss of a loved mother's heart.

To have in a manner two mothers, and Miss Lesley to engross them both, was too much indeed.

It was at this time that one day I had been wearied with hearing Lady Harriet play one long piece of Haydn's music after another to her enraptured daughter. We were to walk with our governess to Dr. Wheelding's that

k, Miss Lesley would ...
ıment for I know not how long
[t was on that day that I thoug
t quite honest in her expression
e sight of my poor mother, wh
aiting at the garden-gate near tv
ɔe her arrive; yet she might t
ıusic had put her in remarkably g
hat morning.

Oh, the music quite, quite
Harriet's heart! Till Miss Lesle
play so well, she often lamented
would take before her daughter
the air of a person of fashion's ch
my part of the general instruc
her lessons on this head. We t
a kind of play of it, which we c
on fashionable manners: it w
amusement to me, a sort of k
[illegible] times. But n

s by no means in the habit of saying
ngs of this kind. It was almost a solitary
tance; I could give you a thousand in-
nces the very reverse of this, in her as well
in Sir Edward. How kindly, how fre-
ently, would they remind me, that to me
ne it was owing that they ever knew their
ld! `calling the day on which I was a
itioner for the admittance of Ann into
house the blessed birthday of their gen-
us girl.

Neither dancing, nor any foolish lectures,
ıld do much for Miss Lesley; she re-
ined for some time wanting in gracefulness
carriage; but all that is usually attributed
dancing, music finally effected. When
was sitting before the instrument, a re-
ıblance to her mother became apparent to
ry eye. Her attitudes and the expression
her countenance were the very same.
is soon followed her into every thing; all
s ease and natural grace: for the music,
l with it the idea of Lady Harriet, was
ays in her thoughts. It was a pretty
ht to see the daily improvement in her
son, even to me, poor envious girl that I
s.

Soon after Lady Harriet had hurt me, by
ing my little efforts to improve her
ghter trifling, she made me large amends,

at first to feel a maternal ten
daughter; and she frankly
she had now gained so much o
that she feared she had too r
the solemn promise she ha
Never to forget how long she l
her child.

Encouraged by her returni
owned how much I had
ventured to express my fe
hardly courage enough to b
my former friends, under a r
as I must now appear to t
moval to London, which w
take place in a short time.

A few days after this, she
gentlest manner possible, tha
herself were of opinion it w
my happiness to pass a year
that this proposa

ELINOR FORESTER;

OR, THE FATHER'S WEDDING-DAY.

WHEN I was very young, I had the misfortune to lose my mother. My father very soon married again. The morning of the day on which that event took place, my father set me on his knee, and, as he often used to do after the death of my mother, he called me his dear little orphaned Elinor, and then he asked me if I loved Miss Saville. I replied, "Yes." Then he said, this dear lady was going to be so kind as to be married to him, and that she was to live with us, and be my mamma. My father told me this with such pleasure in his looks, that I thought it must be a very fine thing indeed to have a new mamma; and on his saying it was time for me to be dressed against his return from church, I ran in great spirits to tell the good news in the nursery. I found my maid and the housemaid looking out of the window to see my father get into his carriage, which was newly painted: the servants had new liveries, and fine white ribands in their hats; and *then* I perceived my father had left off

skipped about the room q

When the carriage dro
the housekeeper came in t
new white gloves. I rep
words I had just heard, th
Miss Saville, was going to b
and that she was to live wi
mamma.

The housekeeper shook l
"Poor thing! how soon chil
thing!"

I could not imagine wh
my forgetting every thing
recollected poor mamma u
an excellent memory.

The women began to dr
gloves, and the seams re
places, Ann said, "This is
gloves served us at my r

apparently forgotten her; yet I had a habit, which perhaps had not been observed, of taking my little stool, which had been my mamma's footstool, and a doll which my mamma had dressed for me while she was sitting in her elbow-chair, her head supported with pillows. With these in my hands, I used to go to the door of the room in which I had seen her in her last illness; and after trying to open it, and peeping through the key-hole, from whence I could just see a glimpse of the crimson curtains, I used to sit down on the stool before the door, and play with my doll, and sometimes sing to it mamma's pretty song of "Balow my babe;" imitating, as well as I could, the weak voice in which she used to sing it to me. My mamma had a very sweet voice. I remember now the gentle tone in which she used to say my prattle did not disturb her.

When I was dressed in my new frock, I wished poor mamma was alive to see how fine I was on papa's wedding-day, and I ran to my favourite station at her bedroom door. There I sat thinking of my mamma, and trying to remember exactly how she used to look; because I foolishly imagined that Miss Saville was to be changed into something like my own mother, whose pale and delicate

found me at my mother's door
ing through the key-hole; I
intently on my mother, that
said, "Here is your new mam
I turned round and began to
reason than because she had
our, and I remembered my n
pale; she had bright black e
were mild blue eyes; and th
wrapping-gown and close ca
membered my mamma, she w
her bridal decorations.

I said, "Miss Saville shall
ma," and I cried till I was s
grace.

Every time I saw her for
same notion came into my h
not a bit more like mamma
was Miss Saville. My fathe

quite in a passion. When he was gone, I looked up at my new mamma, expecting to see her very angry too; but she was smiling, and looking very good-naturedly upon me: and she said, "Now we are alone together, my pretty little daughter, let us forget papa is angry with us; and tell me why you were peeping through that door, the day your papa brought me home, and you cried so at the sight of me." "Because mamma used to be there," I replied. When she heard me say this, she fell a-crying very sadly indeed; and I was so very sorry to hear her cry so, that I forgot I did not love her, and I went up to her and said, "Don't cry, I won't be naughty any more, I won't peep through the door any more."

Then she said I had a little kind heart, and I should not have any occasion, for she would take me into the room herself; and she rung the bell, and ordered the key of that room to be brought to her; and the housekeeper brought it, and tried to persuade her not to go. But she said, "I must have my own way in this;" and she carried me in her arms into my mother's room.

Oh, I was so pleased to be taken into mamma's room! I pointed out to her all the things that I remembered to have belonged to mamma, and she encouraged me

told me that she
when she was a little girl, and
come into this room with h
when papa was gone out, and
me stories of mamma when sh
girl no bigger than me.

When my father came h
walking in a garden at the bac
and I was showing her mamm
and telling her what pretty fl
when mamma was alive.

My father was astonished
"Is this the sullen Elinor? w
this miracle?" "Ask no
replied, "or you will distur
friendship. Elinor has pron
and she says, too, that sh
mamma." "Yes, I will, n
mamma!" I replied, and
with the greatest fondness.

y day; but as she never got better, it not her fault. I now began to learn fast, for when I said my lesson well, I always rewarded with some pretty story ıy mother's childhood; and these stories rally contained some little hints that instructive to me, and which I greatly l in want of; for, between improper in- ence and neglect, I had many faulty s.

ı this kind manner my mother-in-law has ucted and improved me; and I love her use she was my mother's friend when were young. She has been my only uctress, for I never went to school till I e here. She would have continued to h me, but she has not time, for she has a baby of her own now, and that is t on I came to school.

MY father has been dea
years. Soon after his de
being left in reduced circums
induced to accept the offer of
an elderly lady of large for
her house as her companion
intendent of her family. T
godmother, and as I was n
child, she very kindly perm
me with her.

Mrs. Beresford lived in a
mansion; she kept no con
moved, except from the bi
the eating-room, and fro
ing-room to tea.

reading, and frequently added, "I never heard a child read so distinctly."

She had been remarkably fond of needle-work; and her conversation with my mother was generally the history of some pieces of work she had formerly done; the dates when they were begun, and when finished; what had retarded their progress, and what had hastened their completion. If occasionally any other events were spoken of, she had no other chronology to reckon by than in the recollection of what carpet, what sofa-cover, what set of chairs, were in the frame at that time.

I believe my mother is not particularly fond of needle-work; for in my father's life-time I never saw her amuse herself in this way; yet, to oblige her kind patroness, she undertook to finish a large carpet, which the old lady had just begun when her eye-sight failed her. All day long my mother used to sit at the frame, talking of the shades of the worsted, and the beauty of the colours—Mrs. Beresford seated in a chair near her, and, though her eyes were so dim she could hardly distinguish one colour from another, watching through her spectacles the progress of the work.

When my daily portion of reading was over, I had a taste of needle-work, which

work, ...
which reason I was always ...
large-print Family Bible. I
of reading; and when I co
steal a few minutes as they
their work, I used to deligh
historical part of the Bible:
of my eyes, was a forbidde
the Bible never being rem
room, it was only for a sho
that I dared softly to lift u
peep into it.

As I was permitted to w
or wander about the h
pleased, I used to leave
hours together, and make
tary amusement as well as
visit was always to a very
from being paved with
the marble hall. In th
husband was

Hogarth's prints were below the Cæsars: I was very fond of looking at them, and endeavouring to make out their meaning.

An old broken battledore, and some shuttlecocks with most of the feathers missing, were on a marble slab in one corner of the hall, which constantly reminded me that there had once been younger inhabitants here than the old lady and her gray-headed servants. In another corner stood a marble figure of a satyr: every day I laid my hand on his shoulder to feel how cold he was.

This hall opened into a room full of family portraits. They were all in the dresses of former times: some were old men and women, and some were children. I used to long to have a fairy's power to call the children down from their frames to play with me. One little girl in particular, who hung by the side of a glass door, which opened into the garden, I often invited to walk there with me, but she still kept her station—one arm round a little lamb's neck, and in her hand a large bunch of roses.

From this room I usually proceeded to the garden.

When I was weary of the garden I wandered over the rest of the house. The best suite of rooms I never saw by any other light than what glimmered through the win-

served to [illegible]
and the curious old [illegible]
rooms; but the worked furniture
of which I heard such constan
could have but an imperfect sight
under the covers which were kept
by the dim light; for I constant
a corner of the envious cloth tha
highly-praised rarities from my v

The bedrooms were also re
plored by me, as well to admire
furniture, as for the sake of cc
the tapestry hangings, which
Bible history. The subject of t
chiefly attracted my attentio
and her son Ishmael. Every
the beauty of the youth, a
forlorn state of him and his
Wilderness. At the end of t
which these tapestry rooms
having often in

not—to my great joy, as I was one day trying the lock as usual, it gave way, and I found myself in this so long desired room.

It proved to be a very large library. This was indeed a precious discovery. I looked round on the books with the greatest delight. I thought I would read them every one. I now forsook all my favourite haunts, and passed all my time here. I took down first one book, then another.

If you never spent whole mornings alone in a large library, you cannot conceive the pleasure of taking down books in the constant hope of finding an entertaining book among them; yet, after many days, meeting with nothing but disappointment, it becomes less pleasant. All the books within my reach were folios of the gravest cast. I could understand very little that I read in them, and the old dark print and the length of the lines made my eyes ache.

When I had almost resolved to give up the search as fruitless, I perceived a volume lying in an obscure corner of the room. I opened it. It was a charming print; the letters were almost as large as the type of the Family Bible. In the first page I looked into, I saw the name of my favourite Ishmael, whose face I knew so well from the tapestry,

the greatest eagerness. It
"Mahometism Explained."
improper book, for it conta
tory of Abraham and his d

I shall be quite ashamed
strange effect it had on me.
very wrong to read any bo
mission to do so. If my ti
over again, I would go and
that there was a library i
ask her to permit me to r
every day in some book
think proper to select for
tunately I did not then rec
to do this: the reason of r
fulness might be, that my
the example of her patr
wholly discontinued talkin
ly ever heard a word add

If it w

for I do not believe that I ever remembered I was doing wrong all the time I was reading in the library. A great many of the leaves in "Mahometism Explained" were torn out, but enough remained to make me imagine that Ishmael was the true son of Abraham: I read here, that the true descendants of Abraham were known by a light which streamed from the middle of their foreheads. It said, that Ishmael's father and mother first saw this light streaming from his forehead, as he was lying asleep in the cradle. I was very sorry so many of the leaves were torn out, for it was as entertaining as a fairy tale. I used to read the history of Ishmael, and then go and look at him in the tapestry, and then read his history again. When I had almost learnt the history of Ishmael by heart, I read the rest of the book, and then I came to the history of Mahomet, who was there said to be the last descendant of Abraham.

If Ishmael had engaged so much of my thoughts, how much more so must Mahomet! His history was full of nothing but wonders from the beginning to the end. The book said that those who believed all the wonderful stories which were related of Mahomet were called Mahometans, and True Believers:—I concluded that I must be a Mahometan, for I believed every word I read.

to be no wider than a silk
is said that all who are
would slip on one side o
drop into the tremendous
bottom. I considered my
etan, yet I was perfectly
thought of passing over th

One day, seeing the old
the room, a sudden terro
thought how would she e
over the bridge. Then,
first recollected that my
be in imminent danger; f
had never heard the nam
cause I foolishly conjectu
been locked up for ages i
was utterly unknown t
world.

All my desire was no

the matter to my intended converts: I must acknowledge that I had been reading without leave; and the habit of never speaking, or being spoken to, considerably increased the difficulty.

My anxiety on this subject threw me into a fever. I was so ill, that my mother thought it necessary to sleep in the same room with me. In the middle of the month I could not resist the strong desire I felt to tell her what preyed so much on my mind.

I awoke her out of a sound sleep, and begged she would be so kind as to be a Mahometan. She was very much alarmed, for she thought I was delirious, which I believe I was; for I tried to explain the reason of my request, but it was in such an incoherent manner, that she could not at all comprehend what I was talking about.

The next day a physician was sent for, and he discovered, by several questions that he put to me, that I had read myself into a fever. He gave me medicines, and ordered me to be kept very quiet, and said, he hoped in a few days I should be very well; but as it was a new case to him, he never having attended a little Mahometan before, if any lowness continued after he had removed the fever, he would, with his mother's permission, take me home with him to study this

in prescribing remedies for ... his younger patients.

In a few days he fetched m wife was in the carriage with l heard what he said about her I expected, between the doctor to undergo a severe course of n cially as I heard him very for advice what was good for a Mal the moment after he had hand carriage. She studied a little v she said, a ride to Harlow-fai amiss. He said he was entire ion, because it suited him to g a horse.

During the ride they enter sation with me, and in answe tions, I was relating to the manner in which I had passe I found out the library, and

walking up and down between the rows of booths that were full of showy things; ribands, laces, toys, cakes, and sweetmeats! While the doctor was gone to buy his horse, his kind lady let me stand as long as I pleased at the booths, and gave me many things which she saw I particularly admired. My needle-case, my pincushion—indeed, my work-basket and all its contents, are presents which she purchased for me at this fair. After we returned home, she played with me all the evening at a geographical game, which she also bought for me at this cheerful fair.

The next day she invited some young ladies of my own age to spend the day with me. She had a swing put up in the garden for us, and a room cleared of the furniture, that we might play at blind-man's buff. One of the liveliest of the girls, who had taken on herself the direction of our sports, she kept to be my companion all the time I stayed with her, and every day contrived some new amusement for us.

Yet this good lady did not suffer all my time to pass in mirth and gaiety. Before I went home, she explained to me very seriously the error into which I had fallen. I found that so far from "Mahometism Explained" being a book concealed only in this

read that the author of it
give the fabulous stories he
but only wrote it as giving
the Turks, who are a very
believe concerning the im
who feigned himself to be
Ishmael. By the good of
sician and his lady, I was
the end of a month, perfe
error into which I had falle
ashamed of having believed
ities.

EMILY BARTON;

OR, VISIT TO THE COUSINS.

WHEN I was a very young child, I remember residing with an uncle and aunt, who lived in ——shire. I think I remained there near a twelvemonth. I am ignorant of the cause of my being so long left there by my parents, who, though they were remarkably fond of me, never came to see me during all that time. As I did not know I ever should have occasion to relate the occurrences of my life, I never thought of inquiring the reason.

I am just able to recollect, that when I first went there, I thought it was a fine thing to live in the country, and play with my little cousins in the garden all day long; and I also recollect that I soon found that it was a very dull thing to live in the country with little cousins who have a papa and mamma in the house, while my own dear papa and mamma were in London many miles away.

I have heard my papa observe, girls who are not well managed are a most quarrelsome race of little people. My cousins very often

Emily;" and then
solate, because I had no mamma
to of my grievances.

My aunt always took Sophi
cause she was so young; and
fered me to oppose Mary or
cause they were older than I.

The playthings were all the
one or other of my cousins. T
belonged to Mary or Elizab
pretty little wax dolls were d
pose for Sophia, who always
the instant I touched them.
that I could call my own,
book of stories; and one day
endeavouring to take it fro
trying to keep it, it was al
and my aunt would not be
She only said, Sophia was
did not know any better.

out for me. Yet the first sight of a plaything, even if it be not one's own, is always a cheerful thing, and a new toy would put them in a good humour for a while, and they would say, "Here, Emily, look what I have got. You may take it in your own hand and look at it." But the pleasure of examining it was sure to be stopped in a short time by the old story of "Give that to me again; you know that is mine." Nobody could help, I think, being a little out of humour if they were always served so; but if I showed any signs of discontent, my aunt always told my uncle I was a little peevish, fretful thing, and gave her more trouble than all her own children put together. My aunt would often say, what a happy thing it was to have such affectionate children as hers were. She was always praising my cousins because they were affectionate; that was sure to be her word. She said I had not one atom of affection in my disposition, for that no kindness ever made the least impression on me. And she would say all this with Sophia seated on her lap, and the two eldest, perhaps, hanging round their papa, while I was so dull to see them taken so much notice of, and so sorry that I was not affectionate, that I did not know what to do with myself.

Whenever any ...
I had time to think what
give, Mary or Elizabeth w
is so shy, she will never
thinking I was very shy, v
corner of the room, and be
up while the company stay

Though I often though
mamma, by degrees the
their persons faded out of
I tried to think how they
faces of my cousins' papa
came into my mind.

One morning my unc
abroad before breakfast, a
with them. They very
whole days together, a
Sometimes they said i
could not take so many
... they said it was

worked in the garden was there, and he said Sancho was gone with his master. Oh, how sorry I was! I began to cry, for Sancho and I used to amuse ourselves for hours together when every body was gone out. I cried till I heard the mail-coachman's horn, and then I ran to the gate to see the mail-coach go past. It stopped before our gate, and a gentleman got out; and the moment he saw me he took me in his arms and kissed me, and said I was Emily Barton, and asked me why the tears were on my little pale cheeks; and I told him the cause of my distress. The old man asked him to walk into the house, and was going to call one of the servants, but the gentleman would not let him, and he said, "Go on with your work, I want to talk to this little girl before I go into the house." Then he sat down on a bench which was in the court, and asked me many questions: and I told him all my little troubles, for he was such a good-natured looking gentleman that I prattled very freely to him. I told him all I have told you, and more, for the unkind treatment I met with was more fresh in my mind than it is now. Then he called to the old man, and desired him to fetch a post-chaise, and gave him money that he should make haste, and I never saw the old man walk so fast before. When he had been

you
the chaise, and you
way along with me?" I
not even my old straw-bon
wear in the garden; but I
and I ran by his side a
met the chaise, and the old
the driver. The gentleman
and open the door," and t
in. The old man looked in
said, "Oh, sir, I hope you
take the child away!" The
out a small card, and bid
his master; and calling
drive on, we lost sight
minute.

The gentleman laugh
said, "We have frighte
thinks I am going to ru
and I laughed, and tho
and he said, "Sc

to shiver a little; for it was the latter end of autumn, the leaves were falling off the trees, and the air blew very cold. Then he desired the waiter to go and order a straw-hat and a little warm coat for me; and when the milliner came, he told her he had stolen a little heiress, and we were going to Gretna Green in such a hurry, that the young lady had no time to put on her bonnet before she came out. The milliner said I was a pretty little heiress, and she wished us a pleasant journey. When we had breakfasted, and I was equipped in my new coat and bonnet, I jumped into the chaise again, as warm and as lively as a little bird.

When it grew dark, we entered a large city; the chaise began to roll over the stones, and I saw the lamps ranged along London streets.

Though we had breakfasted and dined upon the road, and I had got out of one chaise into another many times, and was now riding on in the dark, I never once considered where I was, or where I was going to. I put my head out of the chaise window, and admired those beautiful lights. I was sorry when the chaise stopped, and I could no longer look at the brilliant rows of lighted lamps.

Taken away by a stranger, under a pre-

he was, till after he had put me
ma's arms, and told her how
away with his own little dau
your papa, my dear, that has l
your own home,"—"This is
my love," they both excla
Mamma cried for joy to see
wept again, when she heard
what a neglected child I ha
uncle's. This he had found c
my own innocent prattle, and
offended with his brother, my
would not enter his house; ar
what a little happy good child
the way, and that when he fo
know him, he would not tell n
for the sake of the pleasant su
be to me. It was a surprise a
indeed, after living with unkii

wheeling the sofa round, that I might sit between them at the table.

Mamma called me Little Run-away, and said it was very well it was only papa. I told her how we frightened the old gardener, and opened my eyes to show her how he stared, and how my papa made the milliner believe we were going to Gretna Green. Mamma looked grave, and said she was almost frightened to find I had been so fearless; but I promised her, another time I would not go into a post-chaise with a gentleman, without asking him who he was; and then she laughed, and seemed very well satisfied.

Mamma, to my fancy, looked very handsome. She was very nicely dressed, quite like a fine lady. I held up my head, and felt very proud that I had such a papa and mamma. I thought to myself, "O dear, my cousins' papa and mamma are not to be compared to mine."

Papa said, "What makes you bridle and simper so, Emily?" Then I told him all that was in my mind. Papa asked if I did not think him as pretty as I did mamma. I could not say much for his beauty, but I told him he was a much finer gentleman than my uncle; and that I liked him the first moment I saw him, because he looked so good-natured. He said, "Well then, he must be

awkward girl.

The next morning my p
the Bank to receive som
took mamma and me with
have a ride through Lond
one that has been in Lond
the Bank, and therefore
what an effect the fine larg
bustle and confusion of p
who was grown such a litt
tic, that the crowded str
shops alone kept me in
tion.

As we were returning h
side, papa said, "Emily sh
little books. Shall we o
to the corner of St. Paul
shall we go to the Juvenil
ner Street?" Mamma sai

while she went into a shop, papa heard me read in one of my new books, and said he was glad to find I could read so well; for I had forgot to tell him my aunt used to hear me read every day.

My papa stopped the coach opposite to St. Dunstan's Church, that I might see the great iron figures strike upon the bell, to give notice that it was a quarter of an hour past two. We waited some time, that I might see this sight; but just at the moment they were striking, I happened to be looking at a toy-shop that was on the other side of the way, and, unluckily, missed it. Papa said, "Never mind; we will go into the toy-shop, and I dare say we shall find something that will console you for your disappointment." "Do," said mamma, "for I knew Miss Pearson, who keeps this shop, at Weymouth, when I was a little girl, not much older than Emily. Take notice of her; she is a very intelligent old lady." Mamma made herself known to Miss Pearson, and showed me to her, but I did not much mind what they said; no more did papa, for we were busy among the toys.

A large wax-doll, a baby-house completely furnished, and several other beautiful toys, were bought for me. I sat and looked at them with an amazing deal of pleasure as we

The joy I [illegible]
I could call my own, and the i
tion of the words, "*My own,*
my mamma some uneasines
feared that the cold treatm
perienced at my uncle's had n
and therefore she invited a lit
a few days with me, to see, as
told me, if I should not be li
the same error from which I
much at my uncle's.

As my mamma had feare
proved; for I quickly adop
selfish ideas, and gave the y
that they were my own pla
must not amuse herself with
than I permitted her. T
took occasion to begin a l
her, and said, "I have go
Frederica, as well as

treated because your cousins would not let you play with their dolls? Do you not see you are doing the very same unkind thing to your playfellow that they did to you?" Then I saw as plain as could be what a naughty girl I was, and I promised not to do so any more.

A lady was sitting with mamma, and mamma said, "I believe I must pardon you this once, but I hope never to see such a thing again. This lady is Miss Frederica's mamma, and I am quite ashamed that she should be witness to your inhospitality to her daughter, particularly as she was so kind as to come on purpose to invite you to a share in her *own* private box at the theatre this evening. Her carriage is waiting at the door to take us, but how can we accept of the invitation after what has happened?" The lady begged it might all be forgotten; and mamma consented that I should go; and she said, "But I hope, my dear Emily, when you are sitting in the playhouse, you will remember that pleasures are far more delightful when they are shared among numbers. If the whole theatre were your own, and you were sitting by yourself to see the performance, how dull it would seem, to what you will find it, with so many happy faces around us, all amused with the same thing!"

all the boxes, and then I
sight it was to see a num
I was very well convince
have been half so cheerfu
been my own, to have s
From that time, whenev
be selfish, I used to rem
where the mamma of th
been so rude to gave me
box. There is nothing
charming as going to a
there I was as dull and a
be in ———shire, becau
mamma had been displea
as the coach stopped, M
"Will you be friends wit
I replied, "Yes, if you
and we went hand in han
house. I did not speak
entered the box but of

so kind as to come very early, that I might look about me before the performance began.

Frederica had been very often at a play. She was very useful in telling me what every thing was. She made me observe how the common people were coming bustling down the benches in the galleries, as if they were afraid they should lose their places. She told me what a crowd these poor people had to go through, before they got into the house. Then she showed me how leisurely they all came into the pit, and looked about them before they took their seats. She gave me a charming description of the king and queen at the play, and showed me where they sat, and told me how the princesses were dressed. It was a pretty sight to see the remainder of the candles lighted; and so it was to see the musicians come up from under the stage. I admired the music very much, and I asked if that was the play. Frederica laughed at my ignorance, and then she told me, when the play began, the green curtain would draw up to the sound of soft music, and I should hear a lady, dressed in black, say,

"Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast;"

and those were the very first words the actress, whose name was Almeria, spoke.

Frederica told me we shou
dress-boxes were full, and t
pop up under the orches
music would play, and the
begin.

This play was the "Mou
was a very moving tragedy
when the curtain dropped,
was all over, I saw the mos
mime that ever was seen.
blunder the next day, for I
meria was married to Harl
I assure you I meant to s
I knew very well that Al
to Alphonso; for she sai
first scene. She thought
she found him again just
and mamma, when she le

MARIA HOWE;

OR, THE EFFECT OF WITCH STORIES.

WAS brought up in the country. From my infancy I was always a weak and tender-irited girl, subject to fears and depressions. y parents, and particularly my mother, ere of a very different disposition. They ere what is usually called gay; they loved easure, and parties, and visiting; but as ey found the turn of my mind to be quite posite, they gave themselves little trouble. out me; but upon such occasions generally t me to my choice, which was much oftener stay at home, and indulge myself in my litude, than to join in their rambling visits. was always fond of being alone, yet always a manner afraid. There was a book-closet hich led into my mother's dressing-room. ere I was extremely fond of being shut up r myself, to take down whatever volumes pleased, and pore upon them, no matter hether they were fit for my years or no, or hether I understood them. Here, when e weather would not permit my going into e dark walk, *my walk*, as it was called, in

together,
me so at first, has at long
frightful, and I have rushed
into the inhabited parts of
sought refuge in the lap of
female servants, or of my a
say, seeing me look pale, that
frightening herself with som
books; so she used to call
volumes, which I would n
with, no, not with one of th
if I had had the choice to
princess, and to govern the
aunt was no reader. She
herself, and say that readir
I have been naughty enou
this was only an excuse, fo
aunt's weak eyes did not
poring ten hours a day
book, or her favourite T
always her e

timacy grew up between the old lady and me, and she would often say, that she loved only one person in the world, and that was me. Not that she and my parents were on very bad terms; but the old lady did not feel herself respected enough. The attention and fondness which she showed to me, conscious as I was that I was almost the only being she felt any thing like fondness to, made me love her, as it was natural; indeed, I am ashamed to say, that I fear I almost loved her better than both my parents put together. But there was an oddness, a silence about my aunt, which was never interrupted but by her occasional expressions of love to me, that made me stand in fear of her. An odd look from under her spectacles would sometimes scare me away, when I had been peering up in her face to make her kiss me. Then she had a way of muttering to herself, which, though it was good words and religious words that she was mumbling, somehow I did not like. My weak spirits, and the fears I was subject to, always made me afraid of any personal singularity or oddness in any one. I am ashamed, ladies, to lay open so many particulars of our family; but indeed it is necessary to the understanding of what I am going to tell you of a very great weakness, if not wickedness, which I was guilty

in which I used to read, or r
spell out meanings; for I wa
to make out many words; b
written all about those good
to be burned alive, rather tha
religion, and become naughty
words I could make out, son
but I made out enough to fil
with vanity, and I used to
courageous I could be bur
would put my hands upon th
were pictured in the pretty
the book had, and feel them;
ladies, there is a great differe
flames in a picture, and real
now ashamed of the conceit
my own courage, and thin
martyr I should have made
Then there was a book not s

There were some law-books too, but the old English frightened me from reading them. But above all, what I relished was Stackhouse's History of the Bible, where there was the picture of the Ark, and all the beasts getting into it. This delighted me, because it puzzled me; and many an aching head have I got with poring into it, and contriving how it might be built, with such and such rooms, to hold all the world, if there should be another flood; and sometimes settling what pretty beasts should be saved and what should not, for I would have no ugly or deformed beast in my pretty ark. But this was only a piece of folly and vanity, that a little reflection might cure me of. Foolish girl that I was! to suppose that any creature is really ugly, that has all its limbs contrived with heavenly wisdom, and was doubtless formed to some beautiful end, though a child cannot comprehend it. Doubtless a frog or a toad is not uglier in itself than a squirrel or a pretty green lizard; but we want understanding to see it.

[Here I must remind you, my dear Miss Howe, that one of the young ladies smiled, and two or three were seen to titter at this part of your narration, and you seemed, I

thought, a little too angry for a girl of your sense and reading; but you will remember, my dear, that young heads are not always able to bear strange and unusual assertions; and if some elder person, possibly, or some book which you had found, had not put it into your head, you would hardly have discovered by your own reflection, that a frog or a toad was equal in real loveliness to a frisking squirrel, or a pretty green lizard, as you call it; not remembering that at this very time you gave the lizard the name of *pretty,* and left it out to the frog—so liable are we all to prejudices. But you went on with your story.]

These fancies, ladies, were not so very foolish or naughty, perhaps, but they may be forgiven in a child of six years old; but what I am going to tell, I shall be ashamed of, and repent, I hope, as long as I live. It will teach me not to form rash judgments. Besides the picture of the Ark, and many others which I have forgot, Stackhouse contained one picture which made more impression upon my childish understanding than all the rest. It was the picture of the

raising up of Samuel, which I used to call the Witch of Endor picture. I was always very fond of picking up stories about witches. There was a book called Glanvil on Witches, which used to lie about in this closet; it was thumbed about, and showed it had been much read in former times. This was my treasure. Here I used to pick out the strangest stories. My not being able to read them very well, probably made them appear more strange and out of the way to me. But I could collect enough to understand that witches were old women, who gave themselves up to do mischief; how, by the help of spirits as bad as themselves, they lamed cattle, and made the corn not grow; and how they made images of wax to stand for people that had done them any injury, or they thought had done them injury; and how they burned the images before a slow fire, and stuck pins in them; and the persons which these waxen images represented, however far distant, felt all the pains and torments in good earnest, which were inflicted in show upon these images; and such a horror I had of these wicked witches, that, though I am now better instructed, and look upon all these stories as mere idle tales, and invented to fill people's heads with nonsense, yet I cannot recall to mind the horrors which I then felt, without

shuuu...
fit return.

[Here, my dear Miss
member, that Miss M-
of our party, showing
than usual, I winked u
your story, lest the ter
describing, should mak
upon a young head, a
stood my sign, and sai
of your fears than I fa

This foolish book
pictures in it, but I
my own fancy, and
of the raising up c
I was not old en
... age there w

was really as much frightened and confounded at the miracle as Saul himself, not expecting a real appearance, but probably having prepared some juggling, sleight-of-hand tricks, and sham appearance, to deceive the eyes of Saul; whereas neither she, nor any one living, had ever the power to raise the dead to life, but only He who made them from the first. These reasons I might have read in Stackhouse itself if I had been old enough, and have read them in that very book since I was older, but at that time I looked at little beyond the picture.

These stories of witches so terrified me, that my sleeps were broken, and in my dreams I always had a fancy of a witch being in the room with me. I know now that it was only nervousness; but though I can laugh at it now as well as you, ladies, if you knew what I suffered, you would be thankful that you have had sensible people about you to instruct you and teach you better. I was let grow up wild like an ill weed, and thrived accordingly. One night that I had been terrified in my sleep with my imaginations, I got out of bed and crept softly to the adjoining room. My room was next to where my aunt usually sat when she was alone. Into her room I crept for relief from my fears. The old lady was not yet retired

upon her nose, her head ...
Prayer-book; her lips mumbling
as she read them, or half read the
dozing posture; her grotesque a
her old-fashioned dress, resemblin
had seen in that fatal picture in St
all this, with the dead time of ni
seemed to me (for I had gone th
first sleep), joined to produce a wic
in me, that the form which I had
not my aunt, but some witch.
bling of her prayers confirmed
shocking idea. I had read in
those wicked creatures reading t
backwards, and I thought that t
operation which her lips were
employed about. Instead of fl
friendly lap for that protection
so often experienced when I ha
... back terrifi

familiarly speak to my aunt, my fears all vanished; and when the good creature has taken me upon her knees, and shown me any kindness more than ordinary, at such times I have melted into tears, and longed to tell her what naughty foolish fancies I had had of her. But when night returned, that figure which I had seen recurred; the posture, the half-closed eyes, the mumbling and muttering which I had heard. A confusion was in my head, *who* it was I had seen that night; it was my aunt and it was not my aunt; it was that good creature, who loved me above all the world, engaged at her good task of devotions—perhaps praying for some good to me. Again, it was a witch, a creature hateful to God and man, reading backwards the good prayers; who would perhaps destroy me. In these conflicts of mind I passed several weeks, till, by a revolution in my fate, I was removed to the house of a female relation of my mother's in a distant part of the country, who had come on a visit to our house, and observing my lonely ways, and apprehensive of the ill effect of my mode of living upon my health, begged leave to take me home to her house, to reside for a short time. I went, with some reluctance at leaving my closet, my dark walk, and even my aunt, who had been such

lightsome rooms and cne
companions of my own a
allowed me but what
sprightly—that gave me
instruction. I soon learne
stories; and when I retu
four months' absence, to
good aunt appeared to m
in which I had viewed he
before that foolish fancy
rather, I should say, mor
more loving than before.
say how much good that
tion of my mother's that
me by changing the sce
turn of ideas was given
sociable and companion
soon discovered a change
found a similar alteratic
have been plainly more fr

impute all that I had to complain of in their neglect, to my having been a little unsociable, uncompanionable mortal. I lived in this manner for a year or two, passing my time between our house and the lady's who so kindly took me in hand, till, by her advice, I was sent to this school; where I have told you, ladies, what, for fear of ridicule, I never ventured to tell any person besides,—the story of my foolish and naughty fancy.

UNTIL I was eleven yea
was one continued sei
and delight. My father wa:
supposed to be in very
stances; at least I thought
early age I perceived that w
expensive way than any
friends did. It was not th
of which, Miss Withers, yc
you might justly boast, but
of wealth, that I was early
undue value on. My paren
for masters to instruct me
governess, and also a woma
sole business it was to atte
play-room was crowded wi

my father's counting-house, and therefore I concluded she would regard the fine show I made with more envy and admiration than any other of my companions. In the days of my humiliation, which I too soon experienced, I was thrown on the bounty of her father for support. To be a dependant on the charity of her family seemed the heaviest evil that could have befallen me: for I remembered how often I had displayed my finery and my expensive ornaments, on purpose to enjoy the triumph of my superior advantages; and, with shame I now speak it, I have often glanced at her plain linen frock when I showed her my beautiful ball-dresses. Nay, I once gave her a hint, which she so well understood that she burst into tears, that I could not invite her to some of my parties because her mamma once sent her on my birthday in a coloured frock. I cannot now think of my want of feeling without excessive pain; but one day I saw her highly amused with some curious toys, and on her expressing the pleasure the sight of them gave her, I said, "Yes, they are very well for those who are not accustomed to these things; but, for my part, I have so many, I am tired of them, and I am quite delighted to pass an hour in the empty closet your mamma allows you to receive your visitors

ner own small apartment an
she turned quick upon me, bu
saying, "O, my dear Miss Wil
sorry I am——" Here she
though I knew not the meanin
I felt it as a reproof. I hung
abashed; yet, perceiving tha
that day more kind and oblig
and being conscious of not h
this kindness, I thought sh
spirited, and therefore I consol
having discovered this fault
thought my arrogance was ful
as her meanness.

In a few days I knew my er
why Maria had been so kind
had said she was sorry. It
proud, disdainful girl that I
was sorry; she knew, though
my father was on the brink o

we possessed. Our splendid furniture, and even our wearing apparel, all my beautiful ball-dresses, my trinkets, and my toys, were taken away by my father's merciless creditors. The week in which this happened was such a scene of hurry, confusion, and misery, that I will not attempt to describe it.

At the end of a week, I found that my father and mother had gone out very early in the morning. Mr. Hartley took me home to his own house, and I expected to find them there; but oh, what anguish did I feel when I heard him tell Mrs. Hartley they had quitted England, and that he had brought me home to live with them! In tears and sullen silence I passed the first day of my entrance into this despised house. Maria was from home. All the day I sat in a corner of the room, grieving for the departure of my parents; and if for a moment I forgot that sorrow, I tormented myself with imagining the many ways which Maria might invent, to make me feel in return the slights and airs of superiority which I had given myself over her. Her mother began the prelude to what I expected, for I heard her freely censure the imprudence of my parents. She spoke in whispers; yet, though I could not hear every word, I made out the tenor of her discourse. She was very anxious,

welcome news that he had
lucrative situation than the o

At eight in the evening, M
to me, "Miss Wilmot, it is tir
in bed, my dear;" and orde
to show me up stairs, addin
posed she must assist me to u
when Maria came home, she
to wait on myself. The apa
I was to sleep was at the to
The walls were white-washe
was sloping. There was on
in the room, a small casement
the bright moon shone, and i
the most melancholy sight I h
In broken and disturbed slu
the night. When I awoke i
she whom I most dreaded to
I supposed had envied my fo
who I now felt certain would

y dreams had pictured, did Maria address
e! She said, in the gentlest tone imagin-
ıle, "My dear Miss Wilmot, my mother
ɜgs you will come down to breakfast. Will
ɔu give me leave to dress you?" My proud
ɜart would not suffer me to speak, and I
ɜgan to attempt to put on my clothes; but
ɜver having been used to do any thing for
yself, I was unable to perform it, and was
ɔliged to accept of the assistance of Maria.
he dressed me, washed my face, and combed
y hair; and as she did these services for
e, she said in a most respectful manner,
Is this the way you like to wear this, Miss
Vilmot?" or, "Is this the way you like this
ɔne?" and curtsied as she gave me every
esh article to put on. The slights I ex-
ɔcted to receive from Maria, would not have
stressed me more than the delicacy of her
ɜhaviour did. I hung down my head with
ıame and anguish.

In a few days Mrs. Hartley ordered her
ıughter to instruct me in such useful works
ıd employments as Maria knew. Of every
ıing which she called useful I was most
ɲnorant. My accomplishments I found
ere held in small estimation here, by all,
ıdeed, except Maria. She taught me noth-
ıg without the kindest apologies for being
bliged to teach me, who, she said, was so

ly received [illegible]
pretty fancy-works. The [illegible]
made these complimentary sp
flatteries, but sweet drops of cor
degraded heart, almost broken v
tune and remorse.

I remained at Mr. Hartley
months; for at the end of th
father inherited a considerable
the death of a distant relation,
enabled him to settle his affairs.
lished himself again as a merc
he wished to retrench his expen
the world again on a plan of st
he sent me to this school to fin
tion.

SUSAN YATES;

OR, FIRST GOING TO CHURCH.

AS born and brought up in a house in
ich my parents had all their lives re-
which stood in the midst of that lonely
of land, called the Lincolnshire Fens.
amilies besides our own lived near the
both because it was reckoned an un-
some air, and because its distance from
wn or market made it an inconvenient
on. My father was in no very affluent
istances, and it was a sad necessity
he was put to, of having to go many
to fetch any thing from the nearest
, which was full seven miles distant,
gh a sad miry way, that at all times
it heavy walking, and after rain was
impassable. But he had no horse or
ge of his own.

church which belonged to the parish
ich our house was situated, stood in
illage; and its distance being, as I said
, seven miles from our house, made it
an impossible thing for my mother or
think of going to it. Sometimes, in-

worse for his walk. It is s
explain to any one who h
fens what difficult and dang
A mile is as good as four
father say, in those parts.
in the early part of her
more civilized spot, and
constant church-going, w
her situation. It was fr
bibed a great curiosity anc
thing which I had heard
and so often lament that
to. I had seen houses of
and had seen in pictures
and boats, and palaces an
rightly any thing that
church, or that could s
form. Sometimes I thou
our house, and sometim

veable. The shape of it ran in my mind
ıngely, and one day I ventured to ask my
ther, what was that foolish thing she was
·ays longing to go to, and which she called
hurch. Was it any thing to eat or drink,
was it only like a great huge plaything,
be seen and stared at ?—I was not quite
› years of age when I made this inquiry.
This question, so oddly put, made my
ther smile; but in a little time she put on
nore grave look, and informed me that a
ırch was nothing that I had supposed it;
; it was a great building, far greater than
ɾ house which I had seen, where men and
men and children came together twice a
ɾ on Sundays, to hear the Bible read, and
ke good resolutions for the week to come.
e told me, that the fine music which we
netimes heard in the air, came from the
ls of St. Mary's Church, and that we
ɾer heard it but when the wind was in a
·ticular point. This raised my wonder
ıre than all the rest; for I had somehow
ıceived that the noise which I heard was
ıasioned by birds up in the air, or that it
s made by the angels, whom (so ignorant
ɾas till that time) I had always considered
be a sort of birds; for before this time I
s totally ignorant of any thing like reli-
ın, it being a principle of my father, that

muslin frock, and was nc
to be noisy; but I nev
that day should differ fr
had no public meeting
straggling houses which
have furnished but a sl
and the loneliness of the
instead of making us
drawing us closer togetl
used to say it ought to h
have the effect of maki
and averse to society tha
or two good neighbours
not in numbers to give r
attendance.

But now my mother tl
to give me some clearer

ren being taught too young, I had never till ow been an auditor. I was taught my rayers, and those things which you, ladies, doubt not, had the benefit of being in- tructed in at a much earlier age.

The clearer my notions on these points ecame, they only made me more passion- tely long for the privilege of joining in that ocial service, from which it seemed that we lone, of all the inhabitants of the land, were ebarred; and when the wind was in that oint which enabled the sound of the distant ells of St. Mary's to be heard over the great noor which skirted our house, I have stood ut in the air to catch the sounds, which I lmost devoured; and the tears have come nto my eyes, when sometimes they seemed o speak to me, almost in articulate sounds, o *come to church*, and because of the great noor, which was between me and them, I ould not come; and the too tender appre- ensions of these things have filled me with religious melancholy. With thoughts like hese, I entered into my seventh year.

And now the time was come when the reat moor was no longer to separate me rom the object of my wishes and of my uriosity. My father having some money eft him by the will of a deceased relation, re ventured to set up a sort of a carriage—no

The first party of pleasure
proposed to take in it, w
where I had so often wishe
mother and I were to acco
it was very fit, my father ob
Susan should go to church, a
behave herself; for we mig
other have occasion to live
not always be confined to th
spot.

It was on a Sunday morn
out, my little heart beati
breathless expectation. Th
and the roads as good as t
those parts. I was so happy
I was lost in dreams of wha
see. At length the tall stee
Church came in view. It v
to me by my father, as the p
that music had come which I

it used to invite me *to come,* when I heard it over the moor. I pass over our alighting at the house of a relation, and all that passed till I went with my father and mother to church.

St. Mary's Church is a great church for such a small village as it stands in. My father said it had been a cathedral, and that it had once belonged to a monastery, but the monks were all gone. Over the door there was stone-work representing the saints and bishops, and here and there, along the sides of the church, there were figures of men's heads, made in a strange grotesque way; I have since seen the same sort of figures in the round tower of the Temple Church in London. My father said they were very improper ornaments for such a place, and so I now think them; but it seems the people who built these great churches in old times gave themselves more liberties than they do now; and I remember that when I first saw them, and before my father had made this observation, though they were so ugly and out of shape, and some of them seemed to be grinning and distorting their features with pain or with laughter, yet, being placed upon a church, to which I had come with such serious thoughts, I could not help thinking they had some serious meaning; and I looked

me found, to show me the
every thing else remarkal
seeing one of a venerable
father said had been a ju
was kneeling as if it were a
of desk, with a book, I s
lying on it. I somehow f
had a sort of life in it, it se
or that the dead judge that
said his prayers at it still.
notion, but I was very youn
my little life in a remote pl
never seen any thing nor l
and the awe which I felt a
church, took from me all p
wondering. I did not re
thing; I was too young. N

pillars, the pews made of oak, the little hassocks for the people to kneel on, the form of the pulpit, with the sounding-board over it, gracefully carved in flower-work. To you, who have lived all your lives in populous places, and have been taken to church from the earliest time you can remember, my admiration of these things must appear strangely ignorant; but I was a lonely young creature, that had been brought up in remote places, where there was neither church nor church-going inhabitants. I have since lived in great towns and seen the ways of churches and of worship, and I am old enough now to distinguish between what is essential in religion, and what is merely formal or ornamental.

When my father had done pointing out to me the things most worthy of notice about the church, the service was almost ready to begin; the parishioners had most of them entered, and taken their seats; and we were shown into a pew, where my mother was already seated. Soon after, the clergyman entered, and the organ began to play what is called the voluntary. I had never seen so many people assembled before. At first I thought that all eyes were upon me, and that because I was a stranger. I was terribly ashamed and confused at first; but my

puzzled me a little to find (and other things, which I tl well; but I went through One thing which has often t is, that I am afraid I was tc and of thinking how happy a privilege it was for one th to join in the service with people, so that I did not a the instruction which I migl I remember I foolishly appl that was said to myself, so a nobody but myself, I was so thoughts. All that assembly (to me as if they were com to show me the way of a ch I received some very affect

third time; for now we went as a regular thing every Sunday, and continued to do so, till by a still further change for the better in my father's circumstances, we removed to London. Oh! it was a happy day for me, my first going to St. Mary's Church; before that day I used to feel like a little outcast in the wilderness, like one that did not belong to the world of Christian people. I have never felt like a little outcast since. But I never can hear the sweet noise of bells, that I don't think of the angels singing, and what poor but pretty thoughts I had of angels in my uninstructed solitude.

I WAS born in the East I
father and mother youn
five, my relations thought
should be sent to England
I was to be entrusted to the
woman who had a charac
manity and discretion; b
taken leave of my friend
about to take our passage,
suddenly fell sick, and could
In this unpleasant emerge
how to act. The ship was
of sailing, and it was the
sail for the season. At le
who was known to my
upon my relation who had

ned to be going, and so I was consigned
the care of the captain and his crew—
ıgh and unaccustomed attendants for a
ung creature, delicately brought up as I
d been; but, indeed, they did their best to
ıke me not feel the difference. The un-
lished sailors were my nursery-maids and
r waiting-women. Every thing was done
the captain and the men to accommodate
, and make me easy. I had a little room
ıde out of the cabin, which was to be con-
lered as my room, and nobody might enter
o it. The first mate had a great character
· bravery, and all sailor-like accomplish-
nts; but with all this he had a gentleness
manners, and a pale, feminine cast of face,
m ill health and a weakly constitution,
ıich subjected him to some ridicule from
e officers, and caused him to be named
tsy. He did not much like the appella-
n, but he submitted to it the better, saying
ıt those who gave him a woman's name
ll knew that he had a man's heart, and
ıt in the face of danger he would go as
· as any man. To this young man, whose
ıl name was Charles Atkinson, by a lucky
ought of the captain, the care of me was
ecially entrusted. Betsy was proud of
ı charge, and, to do him justice, acquitted
nself with great diligence and adroitness

of, and this reconciled me ... to the want of a maid, whic used to. But I was a manage times, and gave nobody much

I have not knowledge enoug count of my voyage, or to remer of the seas we passed through which we touched upon, in ou chief thing I can remember (fc ollect the events of the voyage was Atkinson taking me up the great whales playing ab There was one great whale up out of the sea, and then into it again, and then he w a distance where nobody ex another whale was following kinson said they were at pl lesser whale loved that bi ... all throug

old me how men went out to take these
les, and stuck long pointed darts into
a; and how the sea was discoloured with
blood of these poor whales for many
s' distance; and I admired the courage
he men, but I was sorry for the inoffen-
whale. Many other pretty sights he
to show me, when he was not on watch,
loing some duty for the ship. No one
more attentive to his duty than he; but
uch times as he had leisure, he would
v me all pretty sea-sights—the dolphins
porpoises that came before a storm, and
the colours which the sea changed to;
sometimes it was a deep blue, and then
ep green, and sometimes it would seem
n fire; all these various appearances he
ld show me, and attempt to explain the
on of them to me, as well as my young
city would admit of. There was a lion
a tiger on board, going to England as a
ent to the king; and it was a great di-
ion to Atkinson and me, after I had got
of my first terrors, to see the ways of
e beasts in their dens, and how ventu-
the sailors were in putting their hands
ugh the grates, and patting their rough
s. Some of the men had monkeys, which
loose about, and the sport was for the
to lose them, and find them again. The

nide themselves in ea
places, and when the
would grin, and make
sense. Atkinson desc
of these little animals
for he had seen them.
he thought of to am
voyage!

Sometimes he woul
odd shapes and variet
in the sea, and tell
monsters that lay hi
were seldom seen by n
ous sight it would be
sharpened to behold al
sea at once, swimming
plain as we see the g
bowl of glass. With
larged my infant cap
things

safe in that greater motion, as when we felt that lesser one in our little wooden sleeping-places. When the wind was up, and sang through the sails, and disturbed me with its violent clamours, he would call it music, and bid me hark to the sea-organ, and with that name he quieted my tender apprehensions. When I have looked around with a mournful face at seeing all *men* about me, he would enter into my thoughts, and tell me pretty stories of his mother and his sisters, and a female cousin that he loved better than his sisters, whom he called Jenny, and say that when we got to England I should go and see them, and how fond Jenny would be of his little daughter, as he called me; and with these images of women and females which he raised in my fancy, he quieted me for a while. One time, and never but once, he told me that Jenny had promised to be his wife, if ever he came to England; but that he had his doubts whether he should live to get home, for he was very sickly. This made me cry bitterly.

That I dwell so long upon the attention of this Atkinson, is only because his death, which happened just before we got to England, affected me so much, that he alone of all the ship's crew has engrossed my mind ever since; though, indeed, the captain and

the dangerous mast for my
foremast-man would neve
before me till he had com
hair smooth and sleek,
The officers got up a so
amusement, and Atkinso
him, Betsy, acted the he
All ways that could b
thought upon, to reconcil
was the universal favour
how deservedly; but I
cause I was alone, and t
in the ship besides me.
with female relations or
have excited no parti
should have required n
tions. I was one little w
of men; and I believe t
have read that men ur
man was in this case di

appearing the whole of one day. The captain tried to reconcile me to it, by saying that Mr. Atkinson was confined to his cabin; that he was not quite well, but a day or two would restore him. I begged to be taken in to see him, but this was not granted. A day, and then another came, and another, and no Atkinson was visible, and I saw apparent solicitude in the faces of all the officers, who nevertheless strove to put on their best countenances before me, and to be more than usually kind to me. At length, by the desire of Atkinson himself, as I have since learned, I was permitted to go into his cabin and see him. He was sitting up, apparently in a state of great exhaustion; but his face lighted up when he saw me, and he kissed me, and told me that he was going a great voyage, far longer than that which we had passed together, and he should never come back; and though I was so young, I understood well enough that he meant this of his death, and I cried sadly; but he comforted me, and told me that I must be his little executrix, and perform his last will, and bear his last words to his mother and his sisters, and to his cousin Jenny, whom I should see in a short time; and he gave me his blessing, as a father would bless his child, and he sent a last kiss by me to all his

kept telling me that he
and that I should soo
disturbed him to talk
what a grief it was, wh
had lost an old shipmat
irksome situation so b
assiduities; and to thin
and I could never repay

When I had been a
England, the captain, wh
voyage to India and
time had alleviated a
Atkinson's relations, p
friends who had the care
to let him introduce me t
and sisters. Jenny was
died in the interval, an

protégé of Atkinson, and from them I have learned passages of his former life; and this in particular, that the illness of which he died was brought on by a wound, of which he never quite recovered, which he got in a desperate attempt, when he was quite a boy, to defend his captain against a superior force of the enemy which had boarded him, and which, by his premature valour inspiriting the men, they finally succeeded in repulsing. This was that Atkinson, who, from his pale and feminine appearance, was called Betsy; this was he whose womanly care of me got him the name of a woman; who, with more than female attention, condescended to play the handmaid to a little unaccompanied orphan, that fortune had cast upon the care of a rough sea-captain and his rougher crew.

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